

Private Life

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The account of my official life has gotten ahead of my private life, which to me was even more important, and both were inextricably bound up together.

During the period from 1904, when I entered the Bureau of Plant Industry, and 1913, when I left it to become chief clerk of the department, was a period of steady, industrious employment. The daily routine was to get up at 7.30 a.m., have breakfast over at 8.30, which left me thirty minutes to walk from my house up Connecticut Avenue, through LaFayette Square, past the White House, across the Mall and arrive at my office in the Department of Agriculture promptly at 9 o'clock. The offices closed at 4.30 p.m., but I usually remained at my desk until 5 or 5.30 p.m. If there was correspondence unanswered, special reports to draft, or knotty problems to solve which could not be reached during office hours. I took them home. Supper at 6 p.m., the daily paper to read, and then to my desk until 10 p.m. or later.

Vacations.

Government employes in Washington had an allowance of thirty days annual leave. I usually drew on my leave sparingly until autumn, trying to hold in reserve three full weeks. This enabled me and my wife to take a vacation in the autumn when the weather was usually cool enough to be invigorating and yet not cold enough to keep one indoors. My theory was that during the extreme heat of summer one is more comfortable in his own home where he has the freedom of a whole house than he could be at a seaside or mountain resort cooped up in a single room. Besides, during the summer months the heat inhibits healthy ex-

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ercise and when one returns from his vacation he finds the heat of his own city all the more trying.

Atlantic City.~~and Niagara Falls.~~

One of our first vacations was to Atlantic City and Niagara Falls.in October, both of which were new to my wife. She enjoyed it greatly. My enjoyment was curtailed by the cold. I was always extremely sensitive to cold and very unhappy unless I felt comfortably warm. The day we left Washington was excessively hot, about as hot as it ever gets, ^W~~X~~ we were dressed in the thinnest of summer clothing, and yet suffered from the heat as far as Philadelphia. At Atlantic City that night the temperature fell thirty or forty degrees and the next day a cold wind swept in from the ocean. For two weeks the weather was cool and kept getting colder. Fortunately I had an overcoat with me, but this was ^{not}~~insufficient~~. Then a bright idea struck me. I put on two suits of underwear and felt better. At Niagara Falls where it was still colder I put on three suits and maintained a feeling of comfort. My wife was much amused at this (she was well protected by feminine plumpness and did not need extra clothing), but I did not mind so long as I was not shivering. To have discovered that obvious means of keeping comfortable was worth much to me in the years that followed.

We enjoyed the week at Atlantic City, promenading on the board walk, sitting in the pavilions, visiting the piers and seeing the nets drawn up with a miscellaneous collection of fish, ~~and~~ crabs and forms of marine life, trying the roller skates in the rink, watching the children on the merry-go-round, walking along the beach and looking for shells, watching the breakers

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(1905-1913)

E--710.

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Niagara Falls.

We proceeded to Buffalo by way of the Reading Railway and enjoyed the scenery en route, and thence directly to Niagara. Our first day there was spent in walking about the Falls, crossing the bridge to Goat Island, walking along the gorge below the falls, and visiting the whole wheat busuit company's plant, which greatly interested my wife, and then we went through the great hydro-electric plant with its long battery of 10,000 volt dynamos. Of course we were beset with pestiferous beggars of every sort who had all kinds of schemes to separate us from our money. Everywhere we were outrageously overcharged by the insolent bandits and leeches which the municipal authorities permit to systematically rob and batten on tourists.

One illustration will suffice. Shortly after noon we approached a restaurant with the sign "New England Restaurant." It looked fairly decent on the outside and, being tired from our walk, we decided to eat luncheon there rather than walk all the way back to our hotel. Inside we were shown to a table and gave the waiter our order for buttered toast, cheese, cakes, and tea. Then we waited. Other customers entered and were served, finished their luncheon, and departed. I tried vainly to attract the attention of the waiter, and then of the proprietor, but could get no response. Finally, after waiting more than thirty minutes, we lost patience and started to leave. We were stopped at the door by the proprietor, who demanded pay for the luncheon we had ordered. I explained courteously that apparently we could

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not get ^{served} ~~waited upon~~ and could wait no longer, and that as our order had not been ^{delivered} ~~served~~ within a reasonable time and we had had nothing, besides the inconvenience and disappointment, I felt under no obligation to pay for something we had not got. He became ugly, placed his back against the door and said in a loud, insulting voice that we would not be permitted to leave until we had paid our bill. I announced in a loud voice that I did not propose to be swindled or robbed, at least while I was in the United States, and that I absolutely refused to pay for something I did not get. He still refused to let us pass and began to be abusive. Seeing a telephone I stepped quickly to it and asked central to give me the Police Department. The proprietor abandoned the door and snatched the receiver out of my hand and hung it up. I said, "Very well, sir, there are other telephones near by and a police department that will know how to handle such swindlers and ruffians as you." He was silent and made no further attempt to prevent us from leaving the place. The leeches that infested the town of Niagara Falls on the American side at that time were the most annoying I have encountered anywhere in the world and a disgrace to any place. I suppose I was derelict in not reporting this man to the police, but I and my wife were to be there only a few days and see the sights and we did not ~~wish~~ wish to spoil our visit by dancing attendance on a police court, and so I let the matter drop and tried to forget it.

The magnificent falls, the rapids above ~~them~~ and below them, and the great whirlpool, were fascinating to us. We took a ride on the Maid of the Mist to the very foot of the falls, we visited the Canadian side and saw the burning springs, and a

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side trip of a day to Toronto.

I have often wondered what I would do and how I would feel if I was suddenly to have all the money I wanted to spend and not have to stop to count the cost. On this trip I saw a family enjoying that experience. At various places we repeatedly met a family, father, mother, several grown sons and daughters, and a group of younger ones. The family bore all the outward signs of belonging to the working class, the father and mother being especially worn, prematurely aged and stoop shouldered, with lines of care in their faces. Their clothes fitted them badly, they were awkward in their movements, and diffident in their attitude toward strangers. They were obviously fair game for the rapacious representatives of the infamous municipality of Niagara Falls. From time to time I observed the look of amazement and horror on their faces when they learned the price of anything, the anxious frown on the father's face as he looked at the face of his shocked wife. Then, after momentary hesitation, a smile would slowly spread over his countenance, he would reach down into his capacious pocket and pull out a roll of bills and say, "Well, Maw, I guess we can afford it, she would smile, he would ~~pull off~~ peel off a bill from his roll, and the family tribe would grin and look pleased, as well they might. After several chance encounters with this family I spoke to the father and sons and when they realized that I could speak the farmer language they became quite loquacious. He said that all his life he and his wife had struggled to make a living for themselves and children on a poor farm down in Egypt--southern Illinois. It was a hard life of work and privation and disappointed hopes. ~~They never~~ No matter how hard they worked they never had enough

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to eat or to wear or any money to spend, and no hope of bettering their condition because they were too poor to go anywhere else. Then, one day, coal was discovered underneath their farm and he leased his land to a great company, and the royalties had begun to roll in faster than they knew what to do with it, wealth beyond their wildest dreams. It was all so new they could hardly yet realize it. The first thing they did with their newly acquired wealth was to buy the largest house in the nearest town and furnish it with everything they liked. Next they started out to realize their dream of luxurious travel and see the world. They had been to Chicago, came on to Niagara Falls, and expected to go to New York City, and from there they planned to go on to Philadelphia, Washington, and New Orleans, and may be as far as San Francisco. Now they were having the time of their life and it made no difference how much it cost. I have sometimes wondered what the fate of this family might be. Did the father and mother through travel and observation learn anything of relative values? How long were the young people satisfied with the biggest house in the nearest town? Did the young people marry other young people in their class or above, and were they happy or unhappy in their married lives? Or did the coal mine give out, suddenly or gradually, or ~~did they~~ were they victimized by sharpers? Yes, I should like to know their subsequent history, but I never saw them again. ~~But~~ They were having the time of their lives, a unique experience, and I have the memory of it.

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To Baltimore by Boat.

On another outing my wife and I went by boat from Washington to Baltimore and back by train. It was in the autumn and the boat left the wharf in the late afternoon. We sat on the upper deck admiring the sunset until the boat passed Alexandria and Mt. Vernon. Then came the call for supper; and such a supper it was. There was celery, oyster soup, baked fish, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, other vegetables, fruit, coffee or tea, lemonade, beer or wine, because this was before the days of prohibition-- all for fifty cents. It was still warm enough to sit on deck in the evening and watch the stars overhead and the dim outline of the shores on either side, and listen to the swishing water cut and thrown away by the prow.

Sometime early the next morning before dawn I awoke conscious that the boat was at rest and heard the subdued voices of one or two men on a pier. Looking out the porthole I could see dimly a village street and the dark outline of houses up the slope of a hill. This was Leonardtown on the Maryland side of the Potomac.

The day was bright and pleasantly warm. The boat stopped at many small river landings to leave the mail or take on some freight. The hamlets about these river landings looked primitive and such of the inhabitants as were visible slouched about in true back country fashion. At nearly every landing could be seen one or more men busy tonging for oysters or fishing for crabs. At a little place called Kinsale where the boat made a longer stop than usual there was an old patriarch with long gray hair, flowing white beard, and wearing a broad-brimmed hat,

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and a worn Prince Albert coat that had faded from black to ~~green~~ a brownish green. He sat on the edge of the little wharf with his feet hanging over the water and a basket of oysters by his side. He would take an oyster in his left hand, adjust it, and with his right insert the point of a knife blade between the two halves, and with a dexterous twist the shell would fly apart. With the point of his knife he would detach the oyster from its shell, and with another flip it would disappear into his mouth, to be followed by another, and another. I asked a colored deck hand if he knew who the old gentleman was. He replied, "Why, Boss, everybody knows him. Dat's th' leadin lawyer of Kinsale."

At the wharf in Washington we had seen a plain pine box containing a casket with a wreath of flowers upon the lid. At a landing below Kinsale the boat stopped to unload the casket. An old colored couple got off with it. On the sandy beach was a small white hearse to which were attached two bony horses. A group of colored people were gathered about. The hearse was so small that the bearers had difficulty in getting the casket into the rear end, and then at least two feet projected from behind. The poor little horse^s pulled the small hearse and its burden up the sandy river bank, the group of mourners plodded on behind, and so the departed was borne to his or her last resting place. There was silence on the boat as the little procession wended its way. But the sun was shining brightly and the waves were dancing merrily so that solemn thoughts gave way to pleasant dreams.

In the late afternoon the boat passed out into Chesapeake Bay and changed its course. It was a beautiful sight. The bay

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The bay was so broad that one could not see the farther shore. A stiff breeze was blowing, waves ~~z~~ were dancing and the white caps racing. Out in the bay was an oyster fleet, two or three hundred cat boats with white sails stretched and masts leaning before the wind all at the same angle and the white spray flying over their prows ~~and~~ before their bows. *and*

~~Wexwokexxupxxthexnext~~

Baltimore.

We woke up the next morning in Baltimore harbor with a heavy rain falling. In spite of the downpour we took a street car ride through the city and out to Dry^{vi}ad Hill Park. We inspected the display of tropical plants in the greenhouses and the museum, and even walked about in the park and around a little lake. It was all very beautiful, but in spite of umbrellas we were wet through. We returned to Washington that afternoon by train.

Vacations in the Blue Ridge.

Our first autumn vacation in the Blue Ridge Mountain section was to a place above Bluemont. A friend had given us the name of a Mrs. Bell as one who would take boarders and I had arranged by letter for accommodations with her. We were met at the railway station at Bluemont by a slouchy young mountaineer of about twenty-one with a dilapidated carriage, pulled by an equally dilapidated pony. It was a long slow pull up the mountain into Snicker's Gap where we turned to the right and went northward on a mountain road, but we enjoyed the view over the valley country at each turn. We traveled along the top of the ridge for about a mile and turned into what looked like a stony pasture overgrown with brush, with a fine view of the Shenandoah

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Our first autumn vacation in the Blue Ridge Mountain section was to a place above Blumont. A friend had given us the name of a Mrs. Bell as one who would take boarders and I had arranged by letter for accommodations with her. We were met at the railway station at Blumont by a stony young mountaineer of about twenty-one with a dilapidated carriage, pulled by an equally dilapidated pony. It was a long slow pull up the mountain into Snicker's Gap where we turned to the right and went northward on a mountain road, but we enjoyed the view over the valley country at each turn. We traveled along the top of the ridge for about a mile and turned into what looked like a stony pasture overgrown with brush, with a fine view of the Shenandoah

Valley and the mountains to the west. Not far from the entrance was an old two story log cabin with a stone chimbney, a porch in front, a small garden behind inclosed in a paling fence, a few flowers along the garden fence, some large locust trees about the house and some old apple trees back of the garden. There was a small spring house near by and some chickens were running about. Two cows were in the pasture.

Mrs. Bell welcomed us warmly and conducted us to a sunny room on the second floor, with calico curtains on the windows, a rag carpet on the floor, and some highly colored chromos on the walls. The room ^{was} ~~was~~ as clean and neat as much scrubbing and rubbing could make it and we were delighted with our quarters. We were the only guests.

Dinner was soon announced. We ^{saw at} ~~found~~ a ~~small~~ table in the principal room of the cabin. It was cheery and bright and gave one a feeling of comfort in spite of its plainness and simplicity. The table was a small one and set for our especial benefit. It was piled high with good things to eat, including six kinds of "sweetnin", jams, jellies, preserves, ~~and~~ marmalade, and apple butter. And so it was with all our meals.

While eating we began to get acquainted with Mrs. Bell. We learned that she was over 70 years old, although she did not look it, and had lived all her life on the mountain and the only centers of population she had ever visited were the hamlet of Bluemont at the foot of the mountain on the east and the town of Berryville on the west; that she had been married several times and had grown up children who had left her; that her first husband had died and left her this 34-acre stony mountain farm: that she had been lonely and hard put to it to make a living on the place alone: that the young man who drove us up from Bluement

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While eating we began to get acquainted with Mrs. Bell. We learned that she was over 70 years old, although she did not look it, and had lived all her life on the mountain and the only centers of population she had ever visited were the hamlet of Blumont at the foot of the mountain on the east and the town of Berryville on the west; that she had been married several times and had grown up children who had left her; that her first husband had died and left her this 34-acre stony mountain farm; that she had been lonely and hard put to it to make a living on the place alone; that the young men who drove us up from Blumont

was her present husband; that she married him because he returned from the army homeless and penniless and had stopped at her place for something to eat and she took him in. He offered to help her about the place, and having no other place to go stayed on, and to silence the evil tongues of neighboring women she had married him. She ^{said} ~~said~~ he was a good boy and they were getting along nicely together; that the land was so stony and poor and so badly washed and grown up with sprouts that they could not make a living on it, and so she had begun to take a few boarders during the summer months.

We spent two very happy weeks with this strange couple, wandering about the mountain top, sunning ourselves on the rocks, looking for chestnuts and butternuts, watching the wild life, and from time to time gazing out over the beautiful Shenandoah Valley below and at the blue mountains beyond.

One day we took a trip to Berryville in the Valley. Word was sent the day before to the livery stable at Bluemont for a carriage and driver. At the appointed time a young colored man with team and carriage called for us. It was ^a clear, cold and snappy ^{day.} There had been some white frosts and the foliage on the mountain was gorgeous. We crossed at Castleman's Ferry on a bridge. As we descended the western slope we could look down Shenandoah shining like a silver ribbon in the sunlight. As we drove slowly across the bridge over the clear, rippling, shining stream we saw a wagon with red wheels and a green box loaded with yellow corn that was pulled by four bay colored horses, and the two men on the wagon wore blue shirts and yellow straw hats. The outfit was slowly crossing the stream at a shallow ford a

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quarter of a mile above the bridge. As the horses splashed their way through the crystal clear water the splashes and drops fell like glittering diamonds in the sunlight. An artist would have been delighted to paint such a picture.

As we approached Berryville we could see a large white building that was a conspicuous object ^{on a hill.} It had stately collonaded verandas in front in the old colonial style, ~~stood on a slight eminence~~, and was surrounded by well kept lawns. It looked to be too large for a private residence and I thought it might be an a public or semipublic institution of some sort, so I asked the negro driver what it was, pointing it out to him. He looked at it critically as if he had never seen it before and answered, "Why, Ah guess that's a bilding", which I thought was a pretty safe guess for one who must have seen it many times.

Berryville was a small country town and there was nothing of interest to see in it except the "Racket Store," and we inspected it. My wife had asked Mrs. Bell if she had ever seen a department store, and described what it was like. Mrs. Bell said no, but she had seen the Racket Store in Berryville, that it was wonderful, and that a traveling gentleman who sold things had assured them that it was equal to anything in New York or Chicago. Hence our curiosity. We found it to be a large, plain, wooden, one story structure about forty feet wide and eighty long, without partitions inside, but with a balcony running around above the floor. The floowspace was divided up into separate compartments by low railings and each was labeled as a "department," such as the "linen department," the "glassware department," and so on, much as the five and ten cent stores were later ar-

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ranged. Well, ~~I wonder~~ if that was not a "department" store I wonder what was. Perhaps the "Racket Store" was a very appropriate name for it after all. ~~I have~~ All things are relative and comparative, and I have no doubt that the Racket Store of Berryville looked as imposing and sumptuous to the mountaineers who saw it for the first time as the great emporiums in the larger cities ^{did} ~~were~~ to their more sophisticated customers.

Another day we walked to the mountain home of Frank G. Carpenter, the syndicate press writer and world traveler of that ~~day~~ time. It had a large apple orchard, a stone residence, an appropriate setting of trees and shrubbery, a fine view of the Shenandoah Valley, and was an ideal spot for a literary man. Mr. Carpenter, whom I had met at the department in Washington and often saw in later years at the Cosmos Club, was away at the time of our visit. The housekeeper showed us into the sitting room and we saw how nicely the house was finished and furnished inside.

So much did wife and I enjoy life in those beautiful Indian Summer days of late ~~autumn~~ fall that we discussed seriously the feasibility of buying a small place on the mountain where we could spend our week ends and autumn vacations. I asked Mrs. Bell if she ever thought of selling her place, and if so for how much. She shook her head in alarm and said no, that she had lived ~~all her life~~ most of her life there, her children were born there, and now in her old age it was the only home she knew and she could not think of living anywhere else. Upon parting I asked her to notify me if she ever changed her mind, because I should like to buy it. Several years later I received a letter from an

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attorney in Berryville announcing the sale at auction of the late Mrs. Bell's place on the mountain. I knew the place was worthless for agricultural purposes, but thought it might be worth as much as \$500 as a vacation camp, and I was prepared to pay that much for it. I spent the ~~preceding~~ night preceding the sale at a neat little hotel in Berryville and was very comfortable, looking forward with a feeling of pleasure at owning a spot on the mountain that we could call our own, and I enjoyed planning certain inexpensive changes that would make it more attractive, because I had no doubt I would get it for the \$500 I had fixed in my mind as a fair price. At the appointed time I joined a small group of men and boys in the village courthouse. Presently the auctioneer began to call for bids. I made the first bid of \$150. A young man with a flushed face and dressed in riding costume bid \$200. We were the only bidders. We raised each other's bids by \$50 each until the price ran up to \$750, which was much more than the place was worth. I came near quitting, but thought that as long as I had come all the way to Berryville I would regret losing the property for a matter of \$25 or \$50, so I raised the bid \$25. My competitor followed suit. At \$1,000 I again was about to quit, but by this time I had begun to have some feeling about that red faced young man who kept raising my bid, so again I plunged and ran the price up to \$1,500, and there I quit, saying "He can have it for three times its real value." It was knocked down, or up, to my rival for \$1,5²⁵~~22~~. Some years later the house next to my mine on 17th Street in Washington changed hands and the new owner became our neighbor. In course of time we became slightly acquainted and I learned, with some surprise, that he owned a

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a place on the Blue Ridge Mountains near Frank G. Carpenter's adjoining the Bell place; that when he learned the Bell place was to be sold he thought he would like to have it as an extension of his own ~~place~~ and to prevent undesirable neighbors from getting possession, and he thought ~~he might get it for~~ for three or four hundred dollars. On the day of the sale he had to be away so he sent his chauffeur to Berryville with instructions to buy it in. The chauffer got nearly drunk and lost all sense of values, and ~~that~~ when he reported that he had bid the property in at \$1,525 he was promptly fired by the astonished owner.

Strasburg.

The following year we spent our autumn vacation at Strasburg, Virginia, with a Mr. and Mrs. Borum, an old time Virginia family living in a colonial brick house antedating the Revolutionary War and situated on a rounded hill covered with a Kentucky bluegrass lawn, opposite Massanutten Mountain and overlooking the shining Shenandoah River. Mrs. Borum was a plump middle aged matron. Mr. Borum was tall, lean, scrawny, dignified, and genial, with a far away look in his blue eyes as if he still saw the ebb and flow of the blue and gray armies as they marched up and down the valley pike at the foot of his ancestral hill. There were children, but they were away at school or college and we did not see them, except for a fine curly headed boy who came home to spend the week end.

Here we spent three delightful weeks exploring the surrounding country, mostly afoot but sometimes on our bicycles which we had brought with us. One day we took a bicycle trip 12 miles to Woodstock and back. Another day it was a trip to Fisher's

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Hill where a battle was fought during the Civil War.

Another day we rode across to the foot of Massanutten Mountain, parked our bicycles, and climbed to the summit. It was rough going. If there was any road or path, we did not find it. We went straight up, climbing over rocks and boulders and through thickets of thorny locusts. Near the summit we encountered great boulders, ledges, and masses of broken rock which made our progress slow and difficult. We stopped to rest for a moment on a mass of cracked and shattered boulders and, happening to glance into a recess in the rocks, I spied what looked like a steel bolt. I reached down and pulled out a bayonet ~~of~~ of the Civil War period in a fine state of preservation. As we neared the top we entered a cloud, so that when we reached the summit the fog was ~~so~~ dense that we could see nothing beyond a few feet. We sat in the shelter of some great rocks and ate our luncheon. I was a little apprehensive that we might not be able to find our way back because the slope fell away ^{on all sides} ~~in every direction~~ and it would be easy to take the wrong direction. However, my sense of direction is excellent and ~~I noted certain rocks~~ as we neared the top I noted certain rocks and their relation to each other which enabled me to identify them again. Our stay was cut short by the heavy mist. About half way down the slope it began to rain and steadily increased in intensity. By the time we reached our bicycles our clothing was saturated, our shoes were sloshing, the rain was falling in sheets, ^{and} the ground was covered with water. There was nothing to do but trundle the bicycles, plod through the rain overhead and the water under foot on the road that would lead us back to Strasburg. We made slow progress. Fortunately my wife, though small, was sturdy in body and brave

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in spirit, so as we trudged along we joked about the rain, the wetness, our bedraggled appearance, and speculated as to what our hosts, the Boruns, were thinking about us. In course of time we came to a farmhouse by the roadside. It was raining harder than ever and getting dark, and we were still a mile or two from our destination. We parked our bicycles against a shed and entered the yard. There was no light in front of the house, so we went around to the kitchen where the light of a small lamp shone through the window. When I knocked a young woman opened the door and seemed greatly surprised at seeing us. She invited us into the kitchen, which was also the dining room and in which sat several of her brothers and sisters. I explained our situation and asked if one of the young men could not drive us to our quarters on the outskirts of Strasburg. All looked dubious at the prospect of a drive on a dark night through a heavy rain. I assured them that I would pay liberally for the service. Then the eldest sister spoke up and insisted that we stay all night with them, and she and other members of the family seemed so sincere that we consented. We were shown into a comfortable room, given a change of clothing, and then joined the family in the warm kitchen where we had a nice supper.

It was a plain old farm house constructed by pioneers before the Revolution, and was full of old furniture and home made articles, such as shelves, benches, quilts, a spinning wheel that had seen service, door-latches that had been whittled out of chestnut or wallnut, and the like. After the supper things had been cleared away we sat around the table with a lamp in the center and got acquainted. When they learned that I had

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grown up as a farm boy in Texas and that some of my wife's people were Virginians, they threw aside all reserve and we talked as freely as if we had known each other all our lives. They had many questions to ask about our life in Washington and the places I had seen in my travels, just as we had many questions to ask about Strasburg and his history.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly and the sky was as blue and fresh as if it had been washed, as indeed it had. After breakfast we parted reluctantly with our newly found friends, and we were made to feel that it would be an insult to offer them pay. As we stepped around the corner of the shed where our bicycles had been parked we were much amused to find a younger brother, a boy of about fourteen, trying to ride one of them. His face flushed scarlet when he saw us so unexpectedly and he was overcome with confusion. I reassured him and offered to show him how to mount and dismount, but he was too much overcome to profit by my offer.

On reaching our quarters we ~~were~~ were welcomed with a smile by Mrs. Borum. ~~When~~ ^{My} wife asked if she was not a little worried when we did not return the night before, ^{and} she said "Oh, no; I knew you two could take care of yourselves anywhere and would make friends anywhere and they would care for you," which was not a bad compliment.

One bright afternoon Mrs. Borum asked us to accompany her on a visit to a neighbor. She drove a spacious carriage pulled by Tiddle-de-winks, a fine young horse and pet of the family. In the slanting rays of the afternoon sun we rode down the limestone pike between the valley hills covered with brilliant autumn

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foliage on one side and the shining Shenandoah on the other. After driving a mile or two we stopped, let down the bars, and entered a meadow in which were many wild rose bushes and clumps of sumac with brilliant red foliage. We came to the river, which Tiddle-de-winks entered without hesitation. It was a crystal clear, swift flowing stream. One could see every rock in the bottom so clearly that the water seemed to be only a few inches in depth, although in midstream it came up into the carriage and we had to hold our feet up to keep them from getting wet.

On the other side was a small mountain farm, extending from the riverbank up the slope of the mountain. The house was made of logs, covered with honeysuckle vines, and surrounded by rosebushes, grape vines and fruit trees. To one side was a vegetable garden inclosed by a paling fence made of split ~~locust~~^{chestnut} slats; a log barn, a log ~~grain~~ corncrib, a small barn lot, poultry house and yard, a spring house, a tool shed, a big wood pile and shed, an enormous copper lined iron kettle for heating water for washing, scalding hogs, and making apple butter. Also there was a bell hung on a cross beam with a dangling rope by which the housewife called her men-folk to meals. Horses, cows, pigs, chickens, geese, ducks, terkeys, and guinea fowl made the place seem quite populous. The housewife was a middle aged, broad waisted, substantial, comfortable looking woman who greeted Mrs. Borum cordially and smiled at us. Mrs. Borum asked where the menfolks were and she replied that they were back "beyon the upper fiel a cutten out pos'es." So we followed a woodroad along a stone fence to where the men were working, guided by the soud of axes. There we found a man of medium size, elderly, muscular, hardy looking, with fiery red face and hair turning

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gray, two of his huskey sons, a team and wood wagon. He came forward and greeted us heartily. His language was that of the Virginia mountaineer and good to hear. His every action bespoke frankness, fearlessness, and independence. After Mrs. Borum had explained something she wanted done, he answered with a beaming face and hearty chuckling voice, "Why, yes, ~~Exallex~~ o' co'se, Miss Bo'um, we'uns 'll be glad to do anything you-all want an' be glad 've the chanct."

That being settled satisfactorily I began to ask polite questions about his family and his farm. He said his grandfather built the cabin below us, and that his father, his uncles and his aunts, and he, and his brothers and sisters, had all been born in it, as well as all his own children. He said that when he was a boy schools were not very close and they all had to work from sunup to sundown and they had very little schooling, "but," he said, "I have lived right comfortable all these years an' I've raised eleven boys, an' nary an onery one among ~~Xem~~ 'em." When I asked if he was in the Confederate Army, he said he was too young, but as a boy he saw the soldiers pass back and forth ~~up and~~ up and down the road, "Some was Confedrits and some was Yanks. No, I was too young to be a soger, but one mawnin' early I saw some Yanks down in the braish. I tuk my rifle and crept along that stone fence you see yander, an' when I got a certain distance I popped ~~fix~~ fus one and then an'ere. The others got away. You see, they could not see me an' were afeard to wade across the river, not knoin how deep it mought be. May be it was wrong, but they was a-poppin at us when they got a chanst."

One afternoon we went shopping in Strasburg and enjoyed poking around in sleepy stores with small stocks of ancient wares.

Gray, two of his huskey sons, a team and wood wagon. He came forward and greeted us heartily. His language was that of the Virginia mountaineer and good to hear. His every action bespoke frankness, fearlessness, and independence. After Mrs. Borum had explained something she wanted done, he answered with a beaming face and hearty chuckling voice, "Why, yes, ~~xxxxxx~~ 'o' co'se, Miss Borum, we'll be glad to do anything you-all want an' be glad 've the chance."

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One afternoon we went shopping in Strasburg and enjoyed poking around in sleepy stores with small stocks of ancient wares.

The small hotel was an object of interest also, with its local townsmen occupying the armchairs and lounging on the front porch. We found an old cabinet maker and inspected his shop and tools and smelled the fragrant shavings that littered the floor. Before I left he agreed to turn out for me two walking sticks, one of walnut and one of red cedar from Fisher's Hill as souvenirs. I have them yet.

We returned by way of Woodstock, Edinburgh, Harrisonburg, Staunton, Basic City, Charlottesville, Gordonsville, Orange, Culpepper, and Manassas, stopping over night at Staunton. It was a most enjoyable vacation, as anyone who has read these lines and loves outdoor mountain scenery can readily imagine.

Black Rock Springs.

As a child my wife had spent a week at Black Rock Springs with relatives and the memory of that visit was still vivid. She had always wanted to return to the scene of that happy week of her childhood. So the next year we planned to spend our vacation there. It was in the month of November and we had three full weeks before us.

This time we went by way of Manassas and Culpepper and stopped off at Rapidan. Here we were met by Mr. Weaver, a young man who had married a young lady friend of ours, who had spent some weeks with us in Washington and had often urged us to visit them. Together we drove over a rather rough country road about ten miles to his little farm. The young couple had built a new house. It was a tiny house of only four small rooms, but it was their's, they had built it, and both were proud of it. It was surrounded by about twenty acres of newly cleared land

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that was not yet in a good state of cultivation. They were having a rather hard time to meet the payments on the place, but both were young and full of hope and courage. A baby had already arrived of which they were ~~inordinately~~ proud and happy. We spent the rest of the day and the night with them, inspected every detail of their little home and praised everything we saw. The surroundings were attractive. The clear, swift Rapidan River ran through meadows and between hills not far from the house; to the east were the rolling partly wooded hills of the Piedmont section; to the west the ridges, spurs, coves, and peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. This young couple met with some reverses, due mainly to the serious illness of the husband, but they were true to each other, worked hard, kept up their courage, and some years later were the owners of a large and prospering dairy farm.

The next morning Mr. Weaver drove us back to the railway station where we caught the train for Charlottesville, home of Jefferson, where we had to change cars. Between trains we had luncheon and walked about the picturesque town. Our next stop was at Basic City on the western slope of the Blue Ridge, where again we had to change cars, and between trains had supper.

We enjoyed the valley and mountain scenery as we journeyed northward. It was very dark when we left the train at Shendon, or Grottoes as it is sometimes called. We were the only passengers to leave the train at that point and we had no soon^{er} stepped into the darkness than the train sped away. A short distance up the track we saw the dim outline of a small station. Only the dim light of a small oil lamp shown threw the windows. We walked to the station and I inquired of the one man visible

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if there was a hotel in the town where we could spend the night. He replied that there was and that "Dick" would show us the way, pointing to a boy at the end of the platform whom we had not seen. Dick came forward, but did not offer to help carry our suitcases. Through the darkness he led the way along the railroad for a short distance, crossed, and then up the middle of a country road. We followed, rather tired from carrying our suitcases and wondering when we would come to the hotel. After walking a distance equal to several city blocks without seeing anything I called a halt and asked how far it was to the hotel. ~~He~~ Dick mumbled something of which I could understand "You all want to go to hotel?" "Yes, you idiot," I replied, "And if you don't take us the shortest way I will kick the stuffing out of you." With that we turned right about face and walked back almost to the railroad and there turned to the left and came to the "hotel," which was almost directly opposite the station. ~~I~~ Of course, this could not have happened but for the darkness. I was vexed and probably showed it when a young woman opened the door and invited us to enter. When I explained what had happened she turned to the boy and in a chiding reproachful voice said "Oh, Dick, why do you do these things." Dick hung his head with a sly grin on his face, backed out without answering, and disappeared in the darkness. Then the landlady explained that he was a half-witted boy that they fed and clothed and allowed to work about the place at such things as his limited intelligence enabled him to do.

The next morning we inquired of the landlady about Black Rock Springs. She said they were medicinal springs up in the mountains about eight miles to the east and around which were

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The next morning we inquired of the landlady about Black Rock Springs. She said they were medicinal springs up in the mountains about eight miles to the east and around which were

built summer cottages of the valley people, but she thought the place was probably deserted in November. This was bad news for us. After breakfast we walked through the little town and out about half a mile to the grottoes. They had been equipped with electric lights and a mountain guide showed us through. The grottoes were quite extensive and full of white, pink, green, yellow and crystalline columns and other curious formations, stalagmites and stalactites. Not far from the grottoes was a tunnel that the guide ~~said~~ went into the heart of the hill for a considerable distance in which nitre was obtained during the Civil War with which the Confederate soldiers manufactured ~~powder~~ gunpowder. A pretty brook flowed in front of the grottoes and was overhung with sycamore and other trees.

On the way back to the hotel we saw a neat pine house with a vegetable and flower garden and a sign "Board and Lodging" in front. In a spirit of adventure we stopped to inquire as ^{to} the rates. We were admitted into a living room, with a rag carpet on the floor and walls covered with chromos and mottoes, by a large wholesome looking woman. We soon learned that she was a widow, living with a daughter of sixteen summers and a son of twelve, and had no boarders. The price she named for room and board was so ridiculously low that we immediately engaged a room. She sent her boy over to a neighbor, who at once hitched up his horse and buggy and together we went to the hotel, which was really a small boarding house, where I paid my bill and got our baggage, so that within half an hour we were installed in our new quarters. The landlady and her daughter were wholesome creatures who overwhelmed us with attention. There we spent several days tramping about the village and exploring nooks and corners.

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My wife wanted to see Black Rock Springs again. I engaged a carriage, team and driver to take us there the following Sunday. We had an enjoyable drive across a stretch of valley between farms and then followed a small brook up and up for several miles into the heart of the mountains. The road was fairly good and went from Shendon over the mountain to Charlottesville. Black Rock Springs was near the main road. We found it to be a small mountain resort, with several free flowing springs that were said to be medicinal, a few acres of bluegrass lawn about the springs, a small pavilion in the center, and encircling the lawn space were a number of plain pine cabins, with a larger pine building known as the "hotel" to one side. The ground sloped rather steeply to the noisy little brook in the ravine.

As we drove into the clearing near the hotel a thin, spare, angular, ~~and~~ elderly mountaineer slouched out to the roadside and greeted us with "Howdy." The driver, turning to me said, "This is Mr. Blackwell, who looks after this place." I explained that we were from Washington and wanted to stay two or three weeks ~~and~~ in the mountains, and asked if he could arrange to take care of us. He replied, "Dunno: everything is closed for this year: I am simply taking keer of the place." I asked if he did not think that he and his wife could give us a room and meals and said that we did not want much and would be out of doors most of the time. He said, "Maybe we mought and maybe we moughtent." I said that of course we would expect to pay regu-

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lar rates, whatever they might be. This brought a smile and with some decision he said it could be arranged. Just then a squeaky voice was heard in the hollow to one side. Looking in that direction we saw a little old woman with a face and straggly hair like a witch, a drab calico dress and heavy shoes, clambering up the steep incline from the little stream where she had been milking a scrawny cow. She reached the side of the carriage out of breath and panting, and ~~said~~ asked in a shrill voice, "Who be ye, whaar ^{be ye} ~~you~~ from, whaar be ye gwine?" I repeated my explanation, and asked if she could take us in. "No indeedy," she replied sharply, "I ain' gwine to cook for no city folks." This ultimatum was delivered so vehemently that it seemed to settle the matter. Turning to Mr. Blackwell I asked if we might rent one of the cottages and do our own cooking. ^{He} ~~X~~ replied that the cottages belonged to people in the valley and he had no authority to rent them: then after a slight pause he added, "But I ^{may} ~~might~~ rent ye the hotel." I turned to look at the hotel. It was a rambling pine structure with a double veranda in front, and he said it had twenty rooms, a bath room, dining room and kitchen, and was furnished throughout. I was ^P ~~ap~~alled at the idea of renting a hotel, but asked "About how much would the hotel cost me?" "Would a dollar and a half a week be too much," he asked in a hesitant, wistful sort of way. I looked at him, the hotel, and then at my wife, and addressing her said, "My dear, do you think we could afford a dollar and a half a week for the hotel; you heard him say it is furnished, even to cooking utensils and table ware: don't you think we might afford it." She smiled and nodded, and so I closed the deal on the spot and paid the "dollar and a half" in advance.

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The next forenoon the same driver and carriage brought us, our baggage, and a supply of groceries out to the hotel. Mr. Blackwell was there to receive us and help dispose of our things. He gave us the key and showed us over the place. We selected a room near the bath and toilet, and arranged that Mr. Blackwell should keep us supplied with wood. He told us of a farm over the ridge a mile or more from the springs where we could get milk, butter, and eggs, or a chicken or turkey. So we set up housekeeping and for three weeks had the time of our lives. The weather was glorious. There was still some brilliant autumn foliage to be seen. The water was excellent. Daily we explored and climbed and played and rested and returned with keen appetites.

We were very comfortable, except for the rats at night. The place was infested with them and at night they scampered over the floors, climbed the walls, ran along the rafters, and occasionally crossed the bed in which we were trying to sleep. Once a rat fell off the rafter above us and landed on my wife. I did not mind them particularly, but could not blame my wife for being nervous. The starving animals were ravenous and ate any food that might be left unprotected, including the soap.

The behavior of the Blackwell family was amusing to us. Mr. Blackwell and his harpy wife were the bitterest of enemies. Their little tow-headed ten year old daughter was half starved, as were three "houn" dogs, four geese, a few scrawny chickens, and a diminutive skeleton cow. As soon as the animals discovered that the hotel was occupied and that occasionally scraps were thrown out the kitchen door they never left the neighbor-

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hood of that door. The first afternoon Mr. Blackwell busied himself in getting in a supply of wood for us and helping us in various ways to get settled. Mrs. Blackwell was not visible until just as we were finishing our first supper she drifted in noiselessly and ~~xxxx~~ unannounced through the open door, seated herself to one side and proceeded to inspect us. She declined my wife's invitation to take a bite, although her eyes wandered hungrily over the table. She had just begun to thaw a little in response to our courteous interest in herself and her affairs when the little girl and her "pappy," Mr. Blackwell, came in. Instantly Mrs. Blackwell departed without so much as saying good night. Mr. Blackwell and daughter accepted with alacrity our invitation to eat something. They were very hungry, especially the child, who looked up with shining eyes and the remark "I like butter, I do." There was little left to pass out to the "houn" dogs that night.

The next morning, and every morning thereafter, when I came down to make a fire for breakfast little Elizabeth was sitting on the bottom step awaiting our appearance. Always she stayed for breakfast. About the time breakfast was over Mr. Blackwell would appear. Usually he sat at one side, smoked his pipe, and talked in a drawling tone of voice. This would last while the dishes were being washed. By that time Mrs. Blackwell would appear, which was the signal for him and little Elizabeth to disappear. Under no circumstances would the three remain together. At first I was conscious that we were under close observation and suspicion, but as the days went by they became more and more friendly and almost affectionate. Mrs. Blackwell

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confided to my wife her lifelong grievances of hardship, privation, loneliness, and ill treatment, that had been aggravated in recent years by comparing her lot with the lives of the women folk who spent their summer months in comparative leisure and luxury at the springs, and it was for this reason that she had grown into a fierce vixen whose heart was eaten up with incurable bitterness. Mr. Blackwell was an easy-going, philosophic mountaineer, who had learned to read and write with difficulty, which was more than his wife could do. Neither had had any contact with the outside world except an occasional visit to Shen-don and one trip that Mr. Blackwell had made over the mountain to Charlottesville, which he was inclined to regard as a metropolis. When I told Mr. Blackwell that I was employed in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, he drawled out "I was in the gov'ment service myself ~~once~~ oncet." I asked in what branch he was employed and what ~~(did he do)~~. He replied with evident pride, "I was one of Pinkleton's men. Pinkleton sent one of his men here oncet to look for a man who had murdered a man in another county and they thought he ^{ou} might come through here. This man said ~~ix~~ if I would watch out for him and let them know if I saw him they would pay me for hit. I did so, and when the same man came we followed the murderer and caught him and took him to Charlottesville and he was put in the jail. That's how I was in the gov'ment service."

The third day we walked across a low ridge and followed a swift babbling mountain stream, bordered with boulders, trees, ferns and overhanging bushes, until we came to a clearing in the heart of the mountains in which were two or three farms and a

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The third day we walked across a low ridge and followed a swift babbling mountain stream, bordered with boulders, trees, ferns and overhanging bushes, until we came to a clearing in the heart of the mountains in which were two or three farms and a

diminutive schoolhouse. We went to the larger of the farms, following a rough wagon road along a small stream that flowed and leaped and danced over a succession of boulders, until we came to the homestead, a long, low log cabin with a vine covered porch, a vegetable garden, an apple orchard, barn, corncrib, pig pen, poultry shed and yard, and crude farm machinery standing about in the open. We pushed open the split chestnut slat gate on wooden hinges, passed over a walk of irregular flat stones, and stepped upon the porch the walls and ceiling of which were hung with bright red peppers and herbs of various kinds. A ~~man~~ florid buxum young woman answered our knock, and soon her mother and several sisters and small children appeared, all bearing a strong family likeness, buxum, fair of skin, with many freckles, blue eyes, and red or reddish brown hair.

After explaining who we were and where we were from we asked if we could buy some butter and eggs, and perhaps a chicken. Of course we could, and the prices named seemed to us ridiculously low. It was nearly noon and the dinner was preparing. The women folks were so urgent in their invitation to stay to dinner that we accepted. Soon the father and several robust sons, florid, tanned, red-headed, blue-eyed, sturdy upstanding men, came in. The father was hearty in his greeting and welcome. The young men were rather awkward and tongtied. With no unnecessary delay we were seated at the table. The dining room was long, had a low ceiling, and a stone fireplace at one end. We sat with the father at one of the table, the mother at the other end, and the young people and children between. In all there were twelve of us at the table and one or two daughters waited upon

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us. The table was heaped with baked ham, boiled potatoes, cabbage, turnips, home-made white bread, and "spreadings" or "sweets" (jellyé, jam, marmalade, and preserves), and black coffee and milk. Enormous helpings were served and the family had keen appetites and great capacity. My wife and I were hungry also, but our capacity was limited and we had difficulty in eating the portions served to us and in declining further helpings.

The family was an animated one and the whole atmosphere of the house was cheerful. Their name was Marshall. They had lived on this mountain farm all their lives, and their parents and grandparents before them. School had been out of the question for both father and mother, but when they fell heir to the place they had donated ~~the~~ a piece of land and joined with their neighbors in building the little school house we had seen. They took great pride in the fact that one of their daughters was the teacher. They had enjoyed good health, fairly good crops, had plenty to eat, and counted themselves fortunate and even wealthy. Compared with other mountain folk like the Blackwells, they were. When we separated, laden with a supply of butter, ^{and} eggs, a fat chicken, to which had been added some apples, a bottle of apple butter, and some cottage cheese, it was with mutual good will and an urgent invitation from them to call again soon. Thereafter, twice a week we visited the Marshalls, always with the same warm welcome, and returned laden with the spoils of our visit. The warm hospitality of this family will always be a pleasant recollection to me. For many years afterwards one of the Marshall girls wrote once or twice a year to my wife, and once she called on my wife in Washington, a

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neatly dressed school teacher on her first visit to the national capitol.

When our vacation drew to a close there was consternation in the Blackwell family. Nothing would do but we must repeat our visit next year. Mrs. Blackwell and Elizabeth shed tears. Mr. Blackwell gripped me by the hand and said, "You all been mighty good to us; I certainly hate to see you leave."

My wife had vainly tried to satisfy the hunger of the "houn" dogs. On this last day she vowed that for once in their lives those poor dogs should have enough. So she boiled nearly half a bushel of potatoes, a ham bone, some chicken scraps, and such other things as might go into the pot which the Blackwells could not use. Result: Three houn dogs with dribbling mouths and hungry eyes gulped down this mess almost before it had time to cool until their sides stuck out, their eyes bulged with a look of apprehension, and they became so gorged that one after the other slackened, tried to choke down some more, gave up in despair and laid down on his side in evident distress, but still able to wag their tails when we spoke to them. When Mr. Blackwell saw them in this condition he said, "Well, dadburn my soul, I wouldn' ha' believed it, I wouldn' ha' known them dawgs, the' is so different."

Several days before we were to leave I asked him to arrange for a carriage to come for us from Shendon. He promised, and the next day when I asked him about it he said not to worry, that it would be all right. However, the day we were to leave, when I pressed him he admitted that he did not know just when the carriage would come. Without saying anything I left im-

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My wife and I went to bed at 11 o'clock, and I was
"dread" about the fact that she vowed that she would
never again go down stairs without having a glass of
ly half a bottle of port wine, a new bottle, from the
and some other things as night as the fact that she
well as the fact that she had been down stairs with
mountain and valley, and I had been down stairs with
and time to time, and I had been down stairs with
with a look of apprehension, and when I saw that she
after the other, I tried to show her some of the
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Shenandoah.

Another year my wife and I discussed plans for our autumn vacation. We were agreed that we wanted to get up into the mountains and not into the valley country where we would have to go some distance to reach the mountains. I wished we might find some place in the mountains with a hotel and near the railroad. I remembered seeing Shenandoah from the car window on one of my trips, that it was on or near the Shenandoah River, and that the mountains came in close to it. So we decided to try Shenandoah. Again we changed cars at Basis City, but earlier in the day so that we would have the afternoon to make the trip down the valley to our destination. We knew nothing about Shenandoah or its hotel facilities. It was simply a memory with me, an agreeable impression, and I thought I remembered seeing a hotel near the station.

It was six p.m. when the train stopped ~~and~~ at the station and we were the only passengers to get off. It was getting dusk but we could see that the river was close by and the mountains were on both sides and, sure enough, there was a hotel across the railroad about a block from the station. The train stopped barely long enough for us to get off and then departed, leaving us standing on the station platform. We walked across to the three story stone building bearing the sign "Shenandoah Hotel." The nearer we approached the less attractive it looked. The entrance was into a sort of basement room with a concrete floor that had not been swept, a bar at the other side, and an all-pervading atmosphere of stale beer. My wife, a fanatical teetotaler, at once drew back with a gasp of horror and said, "We

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can't go in here." "All right, my dear, we will look around and see what can be done," I replied. By this time it was getting dark and the few electric lights visible simply made the darkness darker. I ^{entered} ~~saw~~ a small grocery store and asked the lone proprietor if there was any hotel or boarding house in town other than the "Shenandoah," and he assured me there was not, and ~~we~~ looked at us suspiciously and malignantly. I then asked when the next train passed through in either direction. He simply said "Six o'clock in the morning," and turned his back on us. When we were outside I suggested to my wife that we walk about a little and perhaps we would meet some one civil enough to tell us whether or not we could find accommodations for the night at some place other than the hotel. So we walked around the two city blocks that seemed to comprise the respectable portion of the town without seeing any sign of a boarding house or meeting a soul. The few stores all seemed to be closed.

In desperation we returned to the "Shenandoah Hotel." The barkeeper registered our names and sent a dirty and very forlorn girl to show us to a room. It was on the second floor and when she opened the door and turned on the light we saw that it was in great disorder; the bed had not been made up nor the room set to rights since the last occupant had left. My ^{wife} wailed "Oh, we cannot sleep in this room." I inquired if there was any other room that we might have. She replied in a weary voice that she did not know and would have to take us to the manager. The manager turned out to be a woman, a husky termagant, square jawed, middle aged, with fire in her eye. She paid not the slightest attention to us but looked sternly at

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the shrinking girl. The girl in a faltering voice said the lady did not want to sleep in room 35. The "manager" cast a wrathful and contemptuous glance at my wife and again addressing the servant said, in a voice like that of a pirate commanding that the victims be made to walk the plank, "Show them 55, and if they don't like it put them on the street." (And this was in the grand old State of Virginia, in good old U.S.A., in the year of our Lord 1910). With this ultimatum the Termagent deliberately turned her back upon us and walked out. We were shown to 55 and agreed to take it, because of the alternative of spending the night on the street, although it was dirty and smelled badly. Anyhow, the bed was made up and there was water in the pitcher.

The girl almost smiled when I gave her a dime and volunteered the information that supper was ready and if we wanted any we had better go right down, which we did. We found a small dining room with half a dozen guests, evidently laborers from the railway yard. There ^{were} two waiters, male and female, and both athletic. I enjoyed the situation because of the oddity of it, but the little wife was shrinking and indignant and nothing kept her quiet ^{but} by the knowledge that it was this or the street. I momentarily expected a protesting outbreak from her, but when she heard a big brawny laborer at another table protest because he had been given tea instead of coffee and saw the big waiter stand over him and say, "You drink tea tonight, see!", and he saw-- and so did my wife. The food was not especially bad, but the dirt and foul odors, and the surly and dictatorial manners of the help were rather depressing, except to me who was enjoying the utter absurdity of it.

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My chief delight was in studying the mural decorations. They were so fearfully and wonderfully made as to be fantastic, and yet there were points about them that indicated artistic inspiration and skill. They were hand painted. One wall of the room opposite where we sat was covered with pictures of every known fruit, vegetable, and game, and some unknown to science, and some of them were well done. There were gorgeous apples, paches, apricots, cherries, plums, grapes, bananas, pineapples, cantaloupes, red ripe water ^em_lons, strawberries, red radishes, tomatoes, cabbages, turnips,, corn_b beans, peas, fish, lobsters, a duck, chicken, turkey, rabbit, a deer, and much else.) On another wall was an arctic scene, with mountainous icebergs covered with snow and towering high above the dwarf ship at their base, an Esquimeau village, reindeer, sleds and dogs, a polar bear with an agonized Esquimeau under his paw, Esquimeaux spearing a narwhale, seals, and as a background a gorgeous ^gaurora borealis. On another wall was a tropical scene, a coral reef, a sandy beach, a fringe of cocoanut palms, monkeys, native huts, native warriors, some very attractive native women, outrigger canoes, native surf riders, man-eating sharks in the water, pelicans on the beach, and a cannibal feast. On the fourth wall was depicted most realistically a scene in the temperate zone. A grove of beautiful trees, a pic~~nick~~ under the trees, a beautiful lake with an island, deer and birds of brilliant plumage on the island, swans on the lake, a canoe with a pair of lovers embracing, another canoe with an Indian spearing fish, slanting rays of sunlight streaming through the foliage, a headland with surf and the sea beyond as seen through an open-

The turkey was especially interesting. It was a fine specimen and was held by a man with an ax and its neck lay across a log to be beheaded. The expression of the turkey's eyes was one of indignant reproach and horror.

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ing in the forest, and all lit up with a mysterious unearthly light. There were other equally interesting paintings on the walls of the corridors and in the basement barroom, but those I described are fair samples. They alone were worth more than the price of admission and ~~and~~ seem to have made a deeper impression upon my mind, because I can never forget them, than the paintings I have seen in the principal art galleries of the world. Surely that is an evidence of genius on the part of the artist.

Upon discreet inquiry I learned that these pictures were painted by a French artist, a victim of the demon rum who was stranded in Shenandoah one whole winter and who was given food and shelter gratis at this hotel, and to show his appreciation he painted these pictures. Really they were well worth seeing as an expression of a disordered imagination stimulated or muddled by drink, because they were executed with a good deal of artistic skill.

After supper we retired early because there was nothing to do, or to see, or to read. I suppose we got some sleep, in spite of the fact that we ~~were~~ were well aware that we were not the only occupants of the bed. ~~Therexnext~~

The next morning we lost no time in getting an early breakfast, such as it was, and making our escape by the north-bound six o'clock train. What a relief it was when the train moved away from our nightmare and the clean air and sunlight streamed into our window. My wife, who had been strangely subdued and quiet until Sheanandoah was left behind us, gave free expression to her horror at the conditions in the hotel, but gradually she recovered her equilibrium and began to see the

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funny side of our experience, although I suspect she did not fully appreciate those wonderful mural paintings because of her discomfort and preoccupation.

Luray.

We got off at Luray where we found a nice little hotel with a sunny pleasant room. That evening ~~w~~at the supper table we heard a party of commercial travelers discussing the hotel at Shenandoah and their humorous account of their experiences caused a ripple of laughter to run around the table. One of them expatiated on the mural paintings. "Why," he said, "it's worth a trip across the United States just to sit down before those pictures and see what a drunkem artist had managed to put into them," with which I fully agreed. This group also discussed aeroplanes, and one of them remarked that the only way anybody would ever get him to ride in ~~w~~ne was to knock him senseless, tie his hands and feet and chloroform him, and throw him in before he recovered consciousness, which statement seemed to express the sentiment of the group.

The special attraction at Luray are the great caverns and grottoes under the limestone hill. The village and the caverns are in the center of the valley, which at that place is wide and undulating. It is several miles to the mountains on either side. We saw all we wanted to see of Luray the first day and looked longingly at the mountains.

The second day I hired a carriage and driver to take us up the range of mountains to the east. It was a bright pleasant afternoon and we enjoyed the drive greatly. We followed the old road that goes up over the mountain and through a gap into

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The second day I hired a carriage and driver to take us up the range of mountains to the east. It was a bright pleasant afternoon and we enjoyed the drive greatly. We followed the old road that goes up over the mountain and through a gap into

Louden County. The apple harvest was over and we saw several large wagon loads of them pulled by four-horse teams slowly climbing the mountain. As we neared the gap we saw an attractive mountaineer home, a log cabin covered with vines and with a garden and orchard and flowers about it. I went in to inquire as to the possibility of getting board and lodging. A lanky mountaineer came around a corner of the house in response to my call. He smiled and said yes, he thought they could take us in. Just then his wife, a slender little woman with a sharp face, appeared from around another corner. When she heard the object of our call her face hardened and she let it be known most emphatically that she "could not cook for no city folks," which seemed to be the instant reaction and response of all the mountain women.

Then we turned into a side road that followed the slope parallel with the ridge to the southward. Twice we stopped at houses that looked promising and repeated our experience of the first place. In each case the man of the house seemed to welcome the idea of varying the monotony of his life by having strangers in the house, but his wife was hostile and uncompromising. My wife and I enjoyed these encounters because of the similarity of the receptions and responses which we came to expect in advance.

Twice we passed home orchards with nice red apples hanging on the trees and scattered over the ground. We remarked the waste in letting so many apples lie on the ground to simply decay. "Want some," asked the driver, and without waiting for reply he climbed over the fence and brought back all he could carry in his hat. When I suggested that the owners might not like it, he said they would not mind anybody taking apples to eat.

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Great Bear Springs.

Our last vacation in the Shenandoah Valley and Blue Ridge country was spent in the fall of 1910 at Great Bear Springs, near Elkton. We spent the first night at the hotel in Elkton. Elkton is out in the valley some distance from the mountains. We heard of the Great Bear Springs from which ⁱlythia water was bottled and shipped in large quantities for distribution throughout the eastern States. We drove out to look at it. We found it to be a circular excavation in a low place with cement or stone walls, the basin thus formed being perhaps fifty feet in diameter and four or five feet in depth. The bottom was covered with soft mud through which water rose to a depth of perhaps two feet. The water was clear as crystal and sparkled with streams of silver bubbles that apparently came from the mud in the bottom and vanished on reaching the surface.

Near by was a comfortable looking old farm house, with lawngrass and trees about it, and back of it a barn, sheds, and other buildings. Back of the barn was a narrow marshy place through which flowed the surplus water from the spring and covered with a dense growth of watercress. We met the landlady of the house, a middled aged widow, who readily agreed to provide use with board and lodging at very moderate rates. The same afternoon we were installed in a comfortable room on the second floor. Here we spent two weeks very quietly and agreeably, lounging about in the sunshine, reading, sleeping, and taking occasional walks along the country roads.

We returned by way of Basic City and Waynesboro where we spent a comfortable night in a pleasant little hotel. On the afternoon of our arrival at Waynesboro we visited a chrysanth-

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mum and baby show in a large mansion that stood in beautiful grounds not far from the river. The show was announced on a large placard in the lobby of the hotel, and we decided to see it. It was a pleasant walk through the village to the place where the exhibition was to be held. On the way out we were stopped by two ladies, one of whom greeted us and said that they saw we were strangers, that they were on a committee in charge of the baby show and were looking for some gentleman, especially an out-of-town gentleman, to serve as one of the judges to award a prize for the prettiⁱest baby. They had already secured two gentlemen who were stopping at Waynesboro for that one day, and would I kindly consent to serve with them. I protested that I did not know much about babies, and she said it was not necessary because anybody could pick out a baby that was pretty and healthy, and what they needed was a man who did not live in town and was not known to the mothers. In a spirit of adventure I agreed to serve. They walked with us to the house and introduced me to the other two judges. One was a traveling salesman and the other a preacher, and both expected to leave Waynesboro that evening.

My wife and I looked over the small but creditable display of chrysanthemums and house plants and admired the babies, which ranged in age from one to three years and were dressed up and decorated with ribbons like dolls and attended by proud mothers, anxious aunts, or important looking sisters. There were 30 or 40 infants entered in the ~~contest~~ competition. After the house was badly crowded the committee in charge announced the time for judging the babies. We three outlanders had conferred on the subject and ascertained that no one of us had ever attended

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a baby show before, none of us had a baby of his own or any experience with babies, and in view of our ^{colossal} ~~ghastly~~ ignorance of what constituted a prize baby we hardly knew how to proceed. As a way out I suggested that we each take paper and pencil, walk around the circle of babies once, pick out what each thought to be the five most attractive, list their names and number them in the order of relative attractiveness, and then compare notes and agree upon a decision. This we did. Also I suggested that as soon as a decision was reached we take up a strategic position near the large window that extended to the floor and opened on to the veranda, and so we did. At the conclusion of our deliberations I handed our decision written on a piece of folded paper to the committee and we made our way to the aforesaid window. The decision was announced in a clear voice. For a moment there was a profound silence, followed by hasty glances toward the prize winning babies, and then came an increasing hubbub of indignant voices and sarcastic remarks with hostile glances in our direction. "Gentlemen," I said to my colleagues, "now appears to be the accepted time for us to fade away and remove cause of discord." We made a hasty exit through the window. I had signaled to my wife and she met me at the outer gate, her face all smiles. I did not meet my quondam colleagues again until just before train time.

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Frederick, Maryland.

In the autumn of 1911 we spent our vacation at Sandigan on the slope of Catoctin Mountain overlooking Frederick. We had spent a day in Frederick years before during fair week and liked its old time appearance before the days of automobiles and modern improvements. Sandigan had been recommended by a friend who praised the food and the fine view over the valley. We were met at the station by the owner who brought us out in a rather dilapidated carriage pulled by an old horse who was very slow, as was to be expected because the road was rough and mostly up hill. We liked the appearance of the green wheat fields, the long rows of shocked corn, and the comfortable looking houses and barns, and we liked the primitive looking ~~vix~~ straggling village of Shookstown through which we passed on the lower slope. Above Shookstown was a neat looking country schoolhouse, above that a neat looking farm house with a pretty lawn and a magnificent oak tree in the center, and above that was Sandigan, so called because near it were some sand deposits from which neighboring farmers took sand for repairs and it was known among them as the "sand diggens."

The house was a ^alarge one with a broad veranda on two sides, situated on a knoll in a grove of chestnut trees. Back from the road were several small fields and an apple orchard, and beyond the garden was a small tenant house. The house was supplied with running water piped down from a perennial spring in a hollow farther up the slope. The family consisted of father, mother, a son and three daughters nearly grown, little Yvonne about five years old, and a baby. We rarely ~~saw~~ either the father or the son. It was a peculiar family in that it seemed to have no regu-

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lar routine, the young people and children going to bed when they pleased, getting up when they felt like it, and eating when, where, and what they pleased. The tenant house was occupied by the hired man and his wife, who did the washing and helped with the house work. Although the nights were cold and our room was not heated, we spent two or three weeks very pleasantly exploring the mountain ridge, among the rocks, sunning ourselves, reading, taking naps, and dreaming as we watched the sunlight chase the shadows in the valley below us. It was a peaceful and restful life with just enough exercise to give us good appetites. Part of my ^{time} ~~time~~ on the mountain was whiled away fitting a copper nut as a head to my bois d'arc cane that I had brought with me from Texas. The bois d'arc was hard, heavy, mahogany in color, and highly polished. The copper or brass nut was one my father had picked up somewhere and given to me. It was octagonal in shape and after fitting it to the cane I filed it round and smooth, and when polished it resembled gold. and was often mistaken for gold.

Sitting in the sunlight on the mountain top and looking over the beautiful valley that lay like dreamland below us, wife and I often discussed the desirability of buying one of the small places scattered along the mountain side as a place which we could call our own and to which we could come on our vacations. Before leaving we mentioned the matter to the landlady who took a personal interest in ^{it} ~~the matter~~ and promised to write us if she heard of any small place for sale that might be desirable and cheap.

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baby was born. The mother offered to sell us the tenant house, but this did not suit because it was an ugly structure and too close to the public road. Then she offered to sell us a piece of ground between the road and the orchard, but we did not wish to be bothered with building nor to have the ugly tenant house as a close neighbor.

We examined in a tentative way several small places in the neighborhood, but they were either too small, or too large, or had no view, or the prices asked were too high. There was one small place above Sandigan next to the woods that would just suit us. When I asked the owner if he would sell it he said he would, but I had better see his wife. We did so and she would not think of it. In fact, she was so disturbed at the ~~thought~~ bare suggestion that she ~~she~~ shed some tears. She said it was her home and no other place could ever be home to her. Later I learned that her husband was a drinking man and she feared if the place were sold he would spend the purchase money and they would be without a home.

One afternoon we walked up on the mountain and instead of turning to the right as usual we turned to the left and followed a ledge of rock to the top of a low ridge. Here there was a small clearing grown up with locust sprouts, blackberry bushes, and sumac. From this point we had a fine view of Frederick, the valley and its farms and villages, of the woods and hills along and beyond the Monocacy River, and of Sugar Loaf Mountain eight or ten miles to the ~~southwest~~ southeast in the general direction of Washington. We discussed this spot as a desirable location for a cabin, but decided that it was too exposed to winter gales and water would be difficult to obtain. Through some trees we first

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noticed the roof of a dwelling house and heard the sound of an axe. We started down the steep slope to the level of the buildings and met the owner repairing the fence to the poultry yard. He looked surprised, but was pleasant in his greeting. I glanced along the slope, saw the dwelling, a garden, an orchard, and two picturesque old stone cabins, noted that they were situated on a kind of shelf with the top of the ridge rising behind them to a height of perhaps 100 feet so that they were protected on the west and north, and that there was a good outlook over Frederick Valley. It suddenly dawned upon me that this would be an ideal place to live and to landscape. In response to my questions the owner said that his name was Lewis Masser, that the place had 54 acres in it, about half in cultivation, and that he would sell it. The price he named was \$3,000, which I said was twice what we had in mind to pay. However, we would look it over. He accompanied us to the dwelling, back of which his wife was cleaning some chickens for market. He waved his hand in the general direction of his wife and said "I put her to pickin chickens."

The house proved to be a plain one-story frame structure with five small rooms and cellar, but without porch or front steps, and unpainted. The ground was cultivated to within ten feet of the house on three sides, with an inclosed vegetable garden equally close on the fourth side. The cultivated land was divided up into small fields separated by tumbledown stone fences that were grown up with briars and the fields were covered with weeds, giving the entire place a most untidy appearance. But the stone cabins were falling apart and the roofs caving in. But through it all I had a vision of what the place would look like

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if the buildings were repaired and the place cleaned up. As we were leaving Mr. Masser said that for cash and a quick sale he might take \$2,750 for the place, and ~~he~~^{we} promised to think it over.

During the next two days of our stay at Sandigan we did think it over and several times we scouted about the place and looked at it from various angles. I could see visions of just how the top of the ridge could be utilized ~~as~~ as a background for ornamental plantings of various kinds, how the stone walls could be covered with climbing roses, how the stone houses could be repaired and covered with vines, and how they dwelling could be remodeled and surrounded with shrubbery and a lawn, and the nearby fields planted to flowers of various kinds. My wife was not concerned so much with the price as with the two tumble-down stone cabins against the slope because of their spooky appearance.

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Purchase of Sunny Hill Farm.

In January or February of 1913 I received a letter from a real estate agent of Frederick saying that the Lewis Masser place had been put in his hands for sale and that my name had been given as of one interested. After some correspondence and concessions I agreed to pay \$2,600 in cash for it. I felt that I could do this because my town house was fully paid for and my 20-year insurance policy was about to mature and one of the options permitted me to convert it into cash. So I sent a check to the agent for the amount agreed upon, only to have it returned a few days later with the statement that Mr. Masser refused to accept the amount agreed upon. I was disappointed and expressed my feeling in a sarcastic letter to the agent. About three weeks later I received another letter from the agent saying that the owner had reconsidered the matter and was now willing to accept the price agreed upon. The ~~xxxx~~ deal was closed and my deed was filed of record in March, 1913. Mr. Masser agreed to remain on the place and work it for such crops as he could grow in 1913, and thereafter to work the place for me at \$25 per month, he to continue to use his team and tools and I to feed them, and he to have wood, a house, garden, and fruit.

How eagerly my wife and I looked forward to taking possession of our place, to planting and trimming, to cleaning it up and making it livable, and what beautiful dreams we had of what it would look like ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ after we had it a few years, and what a peaceful old age we could look forward to when I should retire from the public service and we could live on it, and what fun we had picking a name for it. We decided to call

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it Sunny Hill Farm because it sloped from the top of the ridge to the east, south, and west, so that the sun could shine on every foot of it. It was and is a sunny place.

In the autumn we spent our first vacation at Sunny Hill, boarding with the Masser family, which consisted of Lewis and Mary, the father and mother, and four or five small boys and a baby boy born that year. They were plain country people, without much education or contact with the outside world, and both were tremendous workers. Mr. Masser brought us out from the railway station in an old carry-all that he had purchased at a sale. The team was badly matched. The Colonel was a large, clumsy, long-legged black horse, with feet as large as dishpans that went "kullomp, kullomp, kullomp," as he plodded on the hard pavements of Frederick. His mate, Pete, was little more than half as big, with a small body and trim legs and feet, ~~kittlexxx~~ light in weight but indomitable in spirit.

²⁴
I had a portion of the orchard ground plowed up and planted with a collection of fine Dutch bulbs. I had Lewis employ some of the neighbors and repair the smaller of the two stone cabins. I had only one room, and there was a large stone fireplace, and its walls were three feet thick. A new chestnut shingle roof was put on, a small portico was built over the stone steps, a floor was laid in the attic, the damp low basement was dug out to give head room and a concrete floor laid, a small addition was built in the rear for a bath and toilet, and a small cistern to one side was walled up, covered, and equipped with a pump. Then wife and I had a delightful time furnishing the little house with rag carpet, a small bed and table, and

it Sunny Hill Farm because it sloped from the top of the ridge to the east, south, and west, so that the sun could shine on every foot of it. It was and is a sunny place.

In the autumn we spent our first vacation at Sunny Hill, boarding with the Masser family, which consisted of Lewis and Mary, the father and mother, and four or five small boys and a baby boy born that year. They were plain country people, without much education or contact with the outside world, and both were tremendous workers. Mr. Masser brought us out from the railway station in an old carry-all that he had purchased at a sale. The team was badly matched. The Colonel was a large, clumsy, long-legged black horse, with feet as large as dishpans that went "kullomp, kullomp, kullomp," as he plodded on the hard pavements of Frederick. His mate, Pete, was little more than half as big, with a small body and trim legs and feet, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ light in weight but indomitable in spirit.

I had a portion of the orchard ground plowed up and planted with a collection of fine Dutch bulbs. I had Lewis employ some of the neighbors and repair the smaller of the two stone cabins. I had only one room, and there was a large stone fireplace, and its walls were three feet thick. A new chestnut shingle roof was put on, a small portico was built over the stone steps, a floor was laid in the attic, the damp low basement was dug out to give head room and a concrete floor laid, a small addition was built in the rear for a bath and toilet, and a small cistern to one side was walled up, covered, and equipped with a pump. Then wife and I had a delightful time furnishing the little house with rag carpet, a small bed and table, and

a set of diminutive splint bottom oak chairs, to match the rustic appearance of the cabin. With curtains on the windows, a lamp on the table, books in the shelves, and a fire in the open fireplace, it was a cosy little nest. We kept our clothing and a spare cot in the little attic. The basement we fitted up as a kitchen and dining room. We named the little cabin the Cricket House, because the crickets sang in it while it was being renovated and there have been crickets in it ever since.

Back of the Cricket House was a stone wall parallel with the ridge and extending to and beyond the larger of the stone cabins. Along the stone wall and below it was a terrace grown up with sprouts and briars which I had cleared out for the planting of perennials. Between the terrace and the inclosed vegetable garden was a strip of good ground that had been in lima beans for many years. This I had plowed, fertilized, and put in condition for the planting of a lawn in front of the Cricket House and flowers the following spring. For several years our vacations and occasional week ends were spent at Sunny Hill and in course of time we gradually got the place in order.

The wooden house occupied by the hired man we called Sunny Hill House. The old picket fence, bushes and weeds were cleared away from around it, a broad veranda was constructed on three sides, a new roof put on, and the house painted. A strip of lawn grass fifty feet wide was planted on three sides. A suitable entrance was constructed where the road entered the fields, with stone pillars and flanking walls, and a new steel gate was hung. A long grape arbor was constructed between as a screen to the barn lot.

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The larger of the stone cabins we named the Whippoorwill Lodge because the whippoorwills congregated about it in the spring and summer months. It was almost in ruins and had to be partially torn down and rebuilt, a new split shingle roof put on, and a double veranda built in front.

Two sheds were added to the barn, a small tool house built, and a larger shed constructed near the barn with three sections, one for wood, one for ice, and one for meat.

Shrubs and flowering plants were bought and set out. A considerable planting was made of peonies and iris and narcissi. Fifteen hundred small white pines were planted on the top and upper slopes of the mountain. The open space at the top, which we had named Observatory Hill, was planted to cowpeas in summer and vetch and rye in winter for two years and then planted with Kentucky blue grass. Most of the fields were planted to vetch and rye every fall, a heavy growth plowed under in the spring, planted to cowpeas and another heavy growth plowed under in the fall. Of course this was expensive and brought no money return, but under this treatment the soil improved steadily.

In 1914 a young peach orchard planted by Mr. Masser came into good bearing and bore a fine crop of fruit, which sold in Frederick for several hundred dollars that I had not counted upon. This was the only good crop the orchard ever bore and within a few years every tree was dead.

The cowpea, rye and vetch treatment, by supplying humus and some nitrogen to the soil, quickly changed its character. A piece of ground in front of Sunny Hill House

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that had this treatment for three years was planted to corn. The seed was obtained after consultation with the corn specialist of the Department of Agriculture, for which I paid \$1.50 per peck. It was planted in check rows, four and five kernels to the hill, and a perfect stand resulted. In spite of the plaintive protests and dire predictions of the hired man the field was harrowed just as the young plants were breaking through. Within a few days it rained and the plants grew rapidly. When nearly a foot high the plants were thinned to two, three, and sometimes four to a hill, and then plowed with a cultivator. After that the ground was so wet from frequent rains and the plants grew so rapidly that it was impracticable to give them further cultivation. The stalks grew to be ten to twelve feet high and nearly every stalk had two large ears. Never had such corn been grown on the mountain. The yield was approximately 125 bushels per acre.

In 1915 a small field of peonies bore its first crop of buds. Upon inquiry of a wholesale florist in Washington I ascertained that the buds could be shipped by express and sold by the wholesaler to retailers on commission. This was done and they brought \$150 for the first crop.

In the autumn Mr. Masser, the former owner who had remained on the place to work it for me, announced that he had bought a farm near Thurmont. He left in November and a young couple from the neighborhood, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miss, took his place. Mr. Masser took his team and tools with him, making it necessary for me to replace them.

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We Adopt Two Waifs.

In the winter of 1915-1916 my wife and I took an important step: We adopted a girl of six and her half brother of four, Thelma Lee and Otis Woodrow, and thereby hangs a tale of mingled joy and sorrow.

In the early years of our married life my wife had lost two infants in childbirth. After that none came to us. We both wanted children and had tacitly agreed that if any of our friends or relatives should leave an orphan we would adopt it. Years went by and the prospect of obtaining an infant from some one we knew seemed no nearer. In the fall of 1915 we saw an advertisement in the Frederick paper to the effect that the Children's Aid Society was trying to find a home for a little boy. I wrote for particulars, explaining our situation and desire to adopt a child. The secretary wrote me that the particular waif in question was not suitable for many reasons, but she would communicate with me when a desirable child was available. I had stated in my letter that we would prefer a child under two years old so that I might become more completely our own. Later we received another letter telling us of an attractive little girl of six that might suit us. The mother of this child had abandoned her and was living a life of freedom and her whereabouts were unknown. The father was either dead or unable to support a family. It was thought that they had been married. In any event the girl had been taken over by the Aid Society. She had been adopted once on probation by a single lady who was no longer young and desired a youthful companion, but the responsibility and care of a child proved too much for her and she had returned the child to the aid society.

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We decided to go to Frederick and see the child. We found that she was being cared for, along with other waifs, by a German woman on All Saints Street, inhabited mostly by negroes. We called and were shown into a diminutive sitting room. The landlady said that Thelma, the little girl's name, was taking her afternoon nap. She returned in a few minutes with Thelma. The little one was dressed in pajamas, a sleepy look in her eyes, but a smile on her face, and her wavy dark brown hair was cut short. She was quiet, smiling, but not at all embarrassed. She was pretty and attractive and we fell in love with her at once. That evening we agreed that we wanted her and I communicated our decision to the secretary by letter immediately.

Then followed formalities of various kinds, such as submitting affidavits that we were respectable citizens, morally fit to bring up a child and financially able to support one. These formalities concluded satisfactorily the secretary notified me that the child would be entrusted to our care for a probationary period of six months. It was inconvenient for me to go to Frederick just then, so it was arranged with the secretary that she would put the child on the train at Frederick in care of the conductor and that I should meet the train at the station in Washington.

How our hearts fluttered as we waited at the station for the train to arrive. At last it came slowly into the train shed. A flock of passengers poured out of the coaches and came hurrying along the platform to the gate, but no little girl appeared. The gate keeper let me pass. I walked the length of the train which by that time seemed empty. I found the conductor and inquired if he had seen anything of a little girl from Frederick. He look-

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ed me over and then said, "Why, yes, I think she is asleep in there. Wait, I will bring her out." In a moment he returned with Thelma, dressed in a neat Scotch plaid dress, a warm jacket and mittens and a jaunty little hat, a small cheap bag with a change of underwear in it in one hand, and a paper bag containing animal crackers in the other. She was smiling and when she saw me she said "I thought somebody would be waiting for me." I led her proudly through the gate and my wife flung her arms about her and kissed her several times. Then came the wonderful ride on the street car to the house. Dolls and other playthings had, of course, been provided, and these had to be examined and played with and taken possession of. Then there were the rooms and strange objects to be explored and examined. The child was bubbling over with happy laughter that did our hearts good.

Immediately we were faced with two problems. One was what should Thelma call us. We told her, of course, that she was our little girl now, that this was her home, and that she would live with us always. I suggested to my wife that we teach Thelma to call us uncle and aunt, but she shook her head. This question was settled the next morning by my wife telling Thelma to call me "Daddy," and her "Mommie."

Then there was the question of where the little one should sleep. We feared that ~~she~~ if put by herself she would be lonely and afraid; and, besides, most of our rooms were occupied. Wife decided that the child should sleep with us, at least that first night, and so it was that the child cuddled up and went to sleep between us that night, and for several nights thereafter until we purchased a small trundle bed especially for her use.

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In February following we had a letter from the secretary of the aid society saying that Thelma's four-year old half-brother, Woodrow, had been taken from his father and if we wanted him it might be arranged. We made a special trip to Frederick to see him. He was a sturdy, chubby, blond little fellow and was dressed in a fuzzy teddy bear suit provided by the aid society. He was quiet, silent, a trifle sulky at being on exhibition, and would not respond to advances by strangers. For this very reason I sympathized with him and wanted him. My wife was rather silent and after we left and were alone together she expressed doubts about the boy; said she did not like his big mouth or his sulky attitude. I said that he seemed to me to be a fine boy and if properly raised would make a real man. When I wrote the secretary that we would take the boy also she replied that the society was willing but was having difficulty with the father who did not want to part with him.

Several weeks later another letter came saying that we could have the boy. The day I went up to Frederick to buy the team of horses little Woodrow was brought to the railway station and turned over to me by the Secretary of the aid society. With his chubby little hand in mine we mounted the train together and found a seat. We were both somewhat embarrassed because he did not recognize me as having any relation to him or authority over him. He seemed a good deal like a small wild animal

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Wife and Thelma were waiting for us at the Union station. Neither child recognized the other, although they had been separated only a few months. Thelma smiled and took him in charge, although he did not reciprocate her advances in the least. From that day forth she became his little mother, his protector, and his loyal advocate.

That night wife and I decided to bestow upon him the name of Otis, the given name of my father and one that appears often in the annals of the Estabrook family. We found immediately that Otis was exceedingly selfcentered, selfish, and inclined to be either sulky or intractable; that is, it appeared that he had never been made to mind: whatever he thought he wanted he wanted badly and instantly and his attention could not be easily diverted; but once his desires were gratified he again became sulky and rebellious. He loved dolls, was interested in mechanical toys, and seemed to understand instinctively all mechanical appliances.

In due course of time the necessary legal procedure was completed and Thelma Lee and Otis Woodrow became our adopted children, for better or worse. Our relatives and friends knew

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of this adoption, not only because the children had to be accounted for but because it was written up in the Washington papers and was copied in the Frederick papers. *P*Wife and I argued the question as to whether we should talk freely of the adoption before the children and future friends, or simply keep silent on the subject and let them grow up in the belief that they were our children and let them be accepted as such by future friends and acquaintances. I was in favor of being perfectly frank about it before the children and others; in fact I thought perhaps the children would benefit from realizing their real status. My wife was equally strong^{ly} of the opinion that the children and all others should be kept in ignorance of their real status and she begged me never to mention it in their presence. I did not promise, but respected her wishes in the matter so far as the children were concerned. Curiously enough, in our presence Thelma, six years old when we took her, never referred even remotely to anything that happened before she joined us, although I always believed that she knew, and years later I learned that she had talked freely about her childhood in Frederick to playmates and neighbors at Sunny Hill Farm. Otis was quite different. Although two years younger than Thelma, he mentioned his father several times during the early months he was with us, and two years later as we passed a side street in Frederick I overheard him remark to Thelma, "There's where we used to live." However, after the first few months the subject was never mentioned and it was taken for granted in and out of the family that the children were ours. I did not like it because of the deception involved, but my wife seemed to think it entirely proper.

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